

## SEEKING WILD HORSES

A Pacific Company Organized to Capture  
2,000,000 of 'Em.

## NOW IN THE NORTHWEST

After Killing the Frisky Cayuses the  
Company Will Reduce Certain  
Parts to Oil and Send Hams  
to Paris—Great Scheme.

J. G. Brown, a prominent business man of San Francisco, has returned from the north after several weeks' absence. He brings the information that a company has been organized to capture 2,000,000 wild horses and treat them in the abattoirs at Trout Dale, on the Columbia river, reducing certain parts to oil, saving the hams for the people of France to eat and utilizing the hides and bones in various ways. Those backing the enterprise are L. Zimmerman, F. May, F. D. Gardner and Felix Faugher, well known stock men and capitalists of the northwest. For some time the horses that have grown wild in the mountains and isolated valleys, and those in the ranges not classed as wild, have fallen so low in price that they are worth but the mere bagatelle of from \$2.50 to \$5 each. The aforesaid capitalists figured that they could make \$4 a head, or a total of \$80,000, by capturing the wild horses and shipping them to the abattoirs. Since they got to work on the project, however, they have concluded that the opportunities are larger; that they will have many more horses to handle and will make a vast sum of money before they get through with it. They have therefore incorporated a company and will employ a skilled crew of vaqueros and do a great business. Many of the horses have no owners, and they will be caught wherever they are and brought to the abattoirs. Vast numbers besides those will be bought at the low figures mentioned and brought to Trout Dale. A dispatch from Portland, printed in the Examiner, gave some of the details:

"There are a vast number of mongrel horses now in various parts of the Northwest, and it is proposed to get rid of them at a profit, and at the same time give the growers of good American horses a better market for them. The mongrels will therefore be brought to the abattoirs and killed. The flesh will be rendered of its oil and the residue, with the bones and hoofs, will be made into a fertilizer. The hides, that always have a market value, will be salted, and the hair, with the manes and tails, will be used in upholstery work. A portion of the meat will be compressed for use as chicken food. It is estimated that in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Nevada and Idaho there are at present 2,000,000 half-breed wild horses for which no market can now be found. The industry of reducing the horses' hides to shoe leather has come to be considered so important that the company proposes to build a new abattoir at Portland. Another dispatch gives more details. Several parties, both here and on Puget sound, have been figuring for some weeks on slaughtering the horses. There are large numbers of half-breed and cayuse horses eating the grass on stock ranges in Eastern Oregon and Idaho which cannot be sold anywhere at any price. It is thought that thousands of these horses can be bought for from \$2 to \$4 a head, and that they might be slaughtered at a small profit. There is a sale for the skin, bones, oil, etc., and it was even imagined that the hams might be cured and shipped to Paris, where horseflesh is eaten by the poorer classes."

In addition to the hundreds of thousands of wild and mongrel horses in the regions alluded to there are many in British Columbia. In the whole of the Upper Fraser and Dog Creek stations of Vancouver it is estimated there are 8,000 horses never branded or leashed, roaming the hills, wild and agile as deer. A proposition was made three years ago to shoot them down to save the ranges but it was deemed impracticable, and if captured the trouble of breaking is more than they are worth. The horses are not in bands of any great numbers, but wander here and there over an immense district, so that any scheme to utilize them would involve killing them in scattered places and transporting the hides and glue and oil producing sections of the carcasses for long distances to the railway. Beyond the mountains, near Fort Pelly, is a band of 1,000 or 1,500 which defy capture. They are 100 miles from the railroad. Here and there throughout the millions of acres of prairie are many other wild horses. Some escaped from ranchers. Others are let go as not worth looking after."

## DOG PREVENTED MURDER.

He Saved the Life of a Policeman by  
Grabbing the Burglar.

From the San Francisco Examiner.  
"Just at this instant Carlo, the dog detective, seized the villain by the throat and pinned him to the ground. An instant later the keen blade of a bowie-knife flashed in the sunlight, and in another minute the brave dog would have been lying a corpse on the sidewalk, but"—to be continued in our next. "Foh."

Detective Ben Bohen threw down the dime novel he had been reading, and, addressing his confederate in the other office, said: "That's the kind of a dog the story writers tell about, but the greatest dog I ever knew was owned by Detective Joe Meagher. That dog was a born detective, and many is the criminal in San Quentin and Folsom that can thank him for being there."

"What dog was that?" inquired John Coffey.  
"Nab is the name that Meagher gave him," replied Detective Bohen. "Where old John picked him up I don't know, but he was a dog worth having. Early in the '30's, when Meagher first became connected with the police department, he was assigned to patrol duty in the northern part of town. One night a wagon came to the station, having as occupants Meagher, Tom Daniels, who was one of the most noted burglars of his time, whose remains now lie in the prison cemetery across the bay, and Nab."

"John was a sight. His face was cut in several places, while his blue uniform was torn almost to ribbons, but he held on with a firm grip to Daniels, who was lying senseless on the bottom of the wagon. There was a big gash in the burglar's head where John's club had landed, and there were marks of the dog's teeth on his throat. The entire party were taken to the receiving hospital, where Daniels' injuries were dressed, after which the surgeon turned to Meagher. 'Never mind me,' said old John; 'look out for the dog; he saved my

life to-night.' When the dog was examined it was found that he had a gaping wound in his side into which you could have pushed your fist."

"John said he was patrolling his beat that night, when he heard a noise in the residence of one of the most prominent merchants of the town. Upon examining the place he found that one of the windows in the rear of the residence was open. He climbed into the house, but had no sooner touched the floor than some one shoved him violently aside and leaped out through the window. John followed on the instant and, seizing Daniels, for it was indeed the burglar, a terrible hand-to-hand struggle ensued."

"Meagher had been in ill health for some time, and was still in a weak condition. Daniels was a powerful fellow, and he succeeded in getting Meagher under him. John fought bravely, however, and Daniels, seeing that his only chance of escape lay in committing murder, drew a bowie knife which he always carried, and was about to plunge it into the policeman's breast when he felt his wrist seized between two rows of canine fangs. With a yell of pain the burglar dropped his knife and turned to cope with his new adversary. The dog, however, letting go his hold on the wrist, sprang at the burglar's throat and fastened his teeth in the man's flesh."

"Daniels was so scared that he rolled over on his back and lay perfectly quiet, while Meagher handcuffed him. Before dropping the knife, however, Daniels had in some manner contrived to plunge the blade into the dog's side. It was pretty near all day with poor Nab, but John had the best care given him and he pulled through all right. After that incident Nab became John's dog."

"He did not appear to belong to anybody else, so Meagher, God rest his soul, adopted him. Nab's breed was an enigma. He appeared to be half mongrel and half Newfoundland, the latter breed predominating. Many is the lonely night watch he stood with Meagher in the North Beach district, and the old detective became so fond of Nab that when the dog was sick John would lay off to nurse him."

## A MATRIMONIAL ADV.

Familiar Result of That Way of Looking  
For a Partner.

Philadelphia corr. New York Sun.

This little advertisement has caused a heap of wrath:

WIDOW WISHES TO MEET GENTLEMAN  
of means, view to matrimony; no triflers. Address  
Widow, 240 Herald office.

This was printed in the New York Herald on April 2d last, the advertiser being Mrs. Kathryn Cole, and Mrs. Cole says it was answered by Thomas Long, the real estate operator of 29th street and Girard avenue of this city.

She declares that upon his assertion that he was a widower capable of making a marriage contract she accepted him, and that he betrayed her, and now she has brought a civil suit for \$25,000 damages against him and caused his arrest upon a criminal charge. Under the latter charge Mr. Long was on Wednesday last held in \$800 bail by Magistrate Devlin. Mr. Long is a married man, well known in the northwestern part of the city, and he declares that he had only business relations with Mrs. Cole.

In her bill of complaint Mrs. Cole alleged that she was first married at the age of 14 to Edgar Cole at Towanda and was left a widow at 19. She then took up elocution as a means of livelihood. She says she was married again to Otto Winterhalter in Texas in 1889, but secured a divorce from him.

She was once teacher of elocution in the Lincoln and Meade grammar schools in this city, and was also in Baltimore. She says she has letters of recommendation from ex-Governor Hamilton, ex-Senator W. Pinkney White and Mayor Latrobe. Since 1891 she has had a school of elocution on West Thirty-first street, New York.

In explaining why she advertised for a husband, Mrs. Cole says that her dressmaker put an advertisement in a New York paper which caught "a nice husband," and she says, "I then put in an ad. for curiosity, and thought that if I became acquainted with a congenial gentleman of means I would marry. To my ad. I received some 50 answers and replied to only two or three, and met only Mr. Long, who represented himself as a widower who wished a wife."

Mr. Long has employed Howe & Hummel of New York as well as his Philadelphia lawyers.

## HOT WATER FOR OBESITY.

A Patient Loses More Than Fifty Pounds  
in Six Months.

From the London Lancet.

Savill gives an account of his treatment of obesity that presents some features of special interest. A man of five feet 10 inches in height and weighing 284 pounds was admitted to the Paddington Infirmary to be treated for an ulcer. This patient, 58 years of age, was unable to walk, chiefly by reason of his bulk. He was put upon a diet of one pound of cooked fish and one pound of lean cooked meat a day and a pint of hot water sipped at intervals every two hours. The fish and meat were distributed in meals according to the taste of the patient, but no bread, vegetables, milk, or any other article of food was allowed. The patient was a person of intelligence, and did everything toward the success of his treatment, managing to drink five or six pints of hot water during the day. Weight decreased steadily. On admission, Sept. 21, it was 284 pounds; on Oct. 2 it was 274 pounds; on Nov. 18 it was 256 pounds, and on Dec. 4 246½ pounds. At Christmas there was some latitude given in diet, and the result was a prompt addition to his weight of seven pounds, but by Jan. 15 weight was reduced to 238 pounds. After four months' treatment the diet was modified by the addition of two small slices of bread and butter at breakfast and supper, and milk and sugar in his tea night and morning. Feb. 7 he returned to ordinary meat diet, such as other patients had, with the exception of potatoes. He then weighed 234½ pounds. Weight increased slightly for a time after resuming ordinary diet; but March 21, when the patient left, he weighed 230½ pounds, having lost over fifty pounds in six months. The ulcer healed within four weeks of his admission, and pain and stiffness soon disappeared, permitting as much walking as the space in the ward would allow. Weight remains the same (230½ pounds), the man being now on ordinary diet, but drinking no beer. His health is excellent.

Oscar H., king of Sweden and Norway, has just conferred the coveted decoration of the Order of the North Star upon the pastor of the First Swedish Lutheran church of St. Paul, Minn., the Rev. P. J. Sward. With the golden jewel the king sent Pastor Sward an autograph letter.

## PROBLEMS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

Some of the Unaccountable Things Done  
by Birds, Fowls, Beasts and Insects.

The greyhound runs by sight only, says the Philadelphia Times. This is a fact. The carrier pigeon flies his hundreds of miles homeward by eyesight, noting from point to point objects that he has marked. This is only conjecture. The dragon fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this power consist? No one can answer.

Ten thousand mosquitoes dance up and down in the sun, with the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong on the grass or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly a peculiar, high shouldered, vicious creature, with long and pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud and, settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood while he was dancing? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon some geese in a narrow road and drives straight through the flock. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker when he descends from his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way and listen and look around before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves should be the black or negro ant? No one knows.

The power of judging of actual danger and the free and easy boldness that results from it are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a correct notion of a gun's range and are scrupulously careful to keep beyond it. The most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, but this they do not choose to do.

A naturalist of Brazil gives an account of an expedition that he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoonbills, ibises and other magnificent birds which are abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sand-piper which preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day this individual bird continued its self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the hunter to the game and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

## IS HE PURSUED?

An Avenging Angel Fells His Efforts to  
Reform, So He Thinks.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The belief of many that those who commit murder or are guilty of wanton cruelty, even though they escape legal punishment, are made by a just God to suffer pains worse than punishment by man, seems to have an additional verification in an instance that came to notice in connection with an application for pardon brought before the police commissioners yesterday.

In addition to the moral aspect of the story, it is very interesting from the fact that the chief character is one who figured in an occurrence that at the time shocked the whole civilized world. The story of his doings have been written in every language and was the subject of a poem by America's own Whittier, who described so vividly the last days of Lucknow. The man in question is Stephen Roach, now in the workhouse for drunkenness. He has only been in this country two years and has been in the workhouse six times.

During the Sepoy rebellion in India he was a sergeant in the English artillery company before Bela Grava. He was one of the men who took the captives in pairs, and placing them in front of cannons, blew them over the ramparts. He has told often how they used to take the cowering natives and tie them together a few feet from the mouth of a cannon. The piece would then be discharged and the poor unfortunates blown to atoms. This cruel and barbarous treatment at the time shocked the whole world when it became known.

Roach left the service and came to this country, but seemed to be pursued by an avenging angel, as he at one time termed it. He tried to do right, but his mind continually turns to the scenes of the Sepoy rebellion, and at such times he has tried to drown his remembrances in drink, to the effect that he spent a good share of his time in the work-house. The application for his pardon was refused.

## Animals Who Indulge in Stimulants.

It has lately been pointed out that man, after all, is not the only animal who indulges in stimulants. Certain animals also indulge themselves in this manner with fatal results, the vehicle of intoxication in the case of the lower order of beings being a creeping vetch called the "loco plant." This is an inhabitant of the "Texan Panhandle," and is a source of serious danger to horses and cattle. To them it has all the allurements which are possessed by absinthe and gin for beings of another grade, only the results of the vetch are more definitely fatal, even when taken in moderate measures. Animals who have tasted of it are liable to fall over backwards, their brains being affected as well as their spinal cords. They leap heights in their frenzy and dash down precipices. No rider of a horse who has been thus intoxicated is in a safe position. —The Hospital.

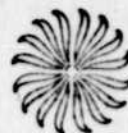
## No Sleep for Eighteen Years.

James T. Hightower, loom repairer in the Warsaw, Ill., woolen mill, is a hearty, stout, able-bodied man of nearly 60 years; but for the last 18 years he has never been known to sleep. He goes regularly to bed, and if out a few hours later of evenings than customary he experiences the same sleepy sensation that ordinary mortals do; but no matter how late he remains out, or how many nights in succession, he cannot sleep—he simply rests—and will answer any question put to him promptly at any hour of the night. Local physicians have made a study of his case, but are unable to solve the problem. —St. Louis Republic.

The Episcopal church reports for its mission in Brazil four presbyters, four catechists, four candidates for orders, 30 communicants, 295 in the Sunday schools, 63 in the parochial schools, and contributions amounting to 2,224 milreis.



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